

A
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PUBLICATION

NO. 8

BRITISH
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EDITION

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68 PAGES
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BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!

COMICS

IN THIS BOTTLE I HAVE A
POTION, BREWED FROM A
FORMULA OF THE ANCIENTS!
**IT WILL DRIVE THE DEMON
FROM THE GIRL!** BUT IF
WE FAIL, SHE IS **LOST**
TO YOU FOREVER!

MY DAUGHTER IS **POSSESSED**
BY AN EVIL SPIRIT, GREAT
WIZARD! SHE GOES INTO
TRANCES--MAKES **TERRIBLE
PREDICTIONS!** THAT'S
WHY I CAME TO YOU--





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HER HIGHNESS

JOAN THE WAD

250, JOAN'S COTTAGE,
LANIVET, BODMIN,
CORNWALL.



"ALWAYS UPON YOU DAME FORTUNE WILL NOD, IF YOU ALWAYS CARRY YOUR WEE JOAN THE WAD"

AS HEALER. One Lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but since I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much easier. Do you think this is due to Joan or the water from the Lucky Well?"

AS LUCK BRINGER. Another writes: "Since the war my wife and I have been dogged by persistent ill-luck and we seemed to be sinking lower and lower. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidence if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, swear by 'Queen Joan'."

AS MATCHMAKER. A young girl wrote and informed me that she had had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also has "Joan the Wad."

AS PRIZEWINNER. A young man wrote us only last week: "For two years I entered competitions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful although I have not won a big prize. But I know that . . . who won £2,000 in a competition has one because I gave it to him. When he won his £2,000 he gave me £100 for myself, so you see I have cause to bless 'Queen Joan'."

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LUCK?

HURRY

Mrs. WILSON, of Falmouth, says, 1951:
Since receiving Joan the Wad . . . my husband's health has improved 100%.

Mr. Jones, of Cheltenham, says, 1951:
... Send me J. O'Lantern. Since receiving Joan the Wad have won two 1st prizes in Crosswords. . .
John Bull and Sunday Chronicle.

SEND NOW

JOAN THE WAD

is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that she has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP. If you will send me your name and address, a 1/- stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a history of the Cornish Piskey folk, and the marvellous miracles they accomplish.



AS SPECULATOR. A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't give away. They were 1/- shares and all of a sudden they went up in the market to 7/6. I happened to be staring at Joan the Wad. Pure imagination, you may say, but I thought I saw her wink approvingly. I sold out, reinvested the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

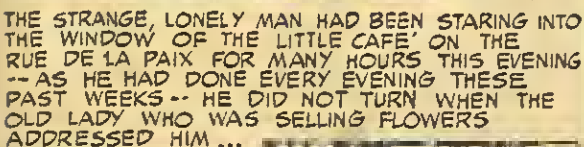
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CHOOSE A FACE!



THE MAN LIFTED HIS EYES ONLY TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE TWO WAITRESSES WHO WERE LEAVING FOR THE NIGHT...



I WISH HE WOULD HEAR ME AND GO AWAY. I THINK HE'S ABSOLUTELY REVOLTING!

LOUISE! THE POOR MAN CAN'T HELP HIS APPEARANCE. I FEEL **SORRY** FOR HIM...ALTHOUGH I MUST ADMIT, I SHUDDER WHEN I SEE HIM LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, IT RAINED... BUT OTHERWISE THE SCENE WAS UNCHANGED! THE MAN, THE TWO GIRLS IN THE LUNCHROOM, THE OLD LADY SELLING FLOWERS!



WHY ARE YOU AFRAID TO SPEAK TO HER, M'SIEU? ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH HER? THE STEPS OF THE LOVER SHOULD BE BOLD AND SURE! WHY, M'SIEU, DO YOU FEAR?



WHY, YOU ASK! NOW DO YOU SEE WHY?



FORGIVE ME, MADAME! I DID NOT MEAN TO SPEAK SO SHARPLY, BUT I AM NOT MYSELF TONIGHT!

IT IS NOTHING! ONE IN MY POSITION IS USED TO SHARP WORDS! AND YET, IT IS FORTUNATE THAT YOU HAVE MET ME! FOR I AM PERHAPS THE ONE PERSON IN PARIS CAPABLE OF HELPING YOU!



YOU? YOU HELP ME?

OLD WOMEN ARE LIKE OLD BOOKS, M'SIEU! THEIR OUTWARD APPEARANCE OFTEN BELIES THE WISDOM THEY CONTAIN! COME, IT IS NOT FAR TO MY SHOP AND YOUR VISIT SHALL BE WELL WORTH THE TRIP... I PROMISE YOU!



WITH THE ACQUIESCENCE OF THE LONELY, THE MAN FOLLOWED THE WOMAN THROUGH THE WINDING STREETS UNTIL THEY TURNED INTO A SMALL CELLAR SHOP THAT ONE MIGHT HAVE PASSED A THOUSAND TIMES WITHOUT NOTICING!

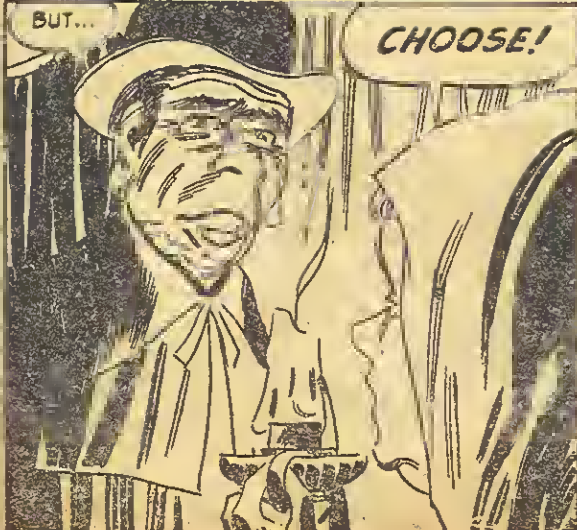
MASKS! SURELY, MY GOOD WOMAN, YOU DON'T EXPECT...

THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY MASKS, M'SIEU LETOQ! MINE IS A LOST ART... BUT AN ART NONE THE LESS! ANY FACE YOU CHOOSE CAN BE YOURS! CHOOSE, M'SIEU!



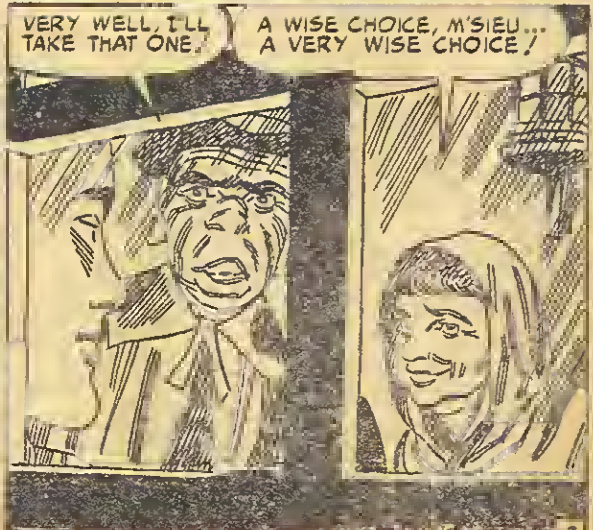
BUT...

CHOOSE!



VERY WELL, I'LL TAKE THAT ONE.

A WISE CHOICE, M'SIEU... A VERY WISE CHOICE!

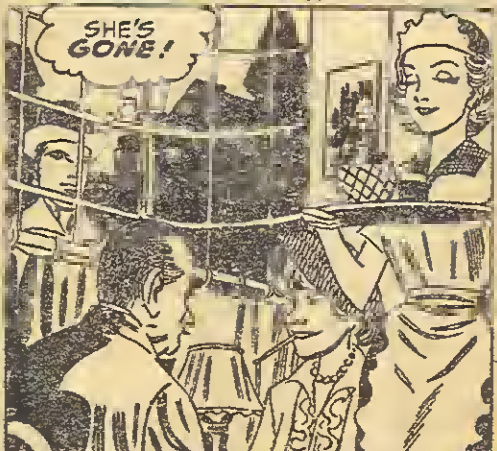


WITH THE HELP OF THE OLD WOMAN, M. LETOQ ADJUSTED THE MASK TO THE CONTOURS OF HIS FACE! WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, HE ANXIOUSLY GRASPED AT A MIRROR TO VIEW THE RESULTS!



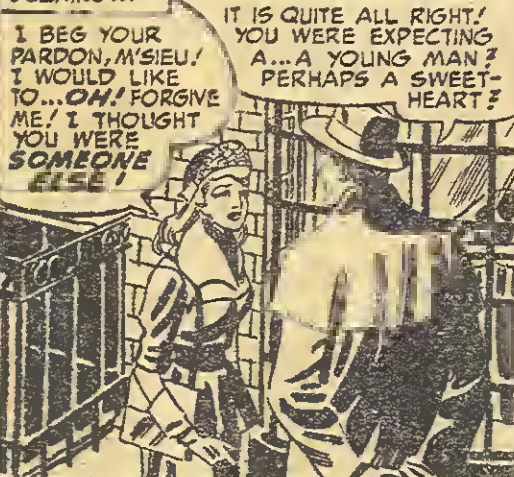
I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT IS REALLY YOU, M'SIEU MORE THAN YOU THINK! FOR THE FACE IS THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL... AND YOUR SOUL IS KIND!

LETOQ'S STEP WAS THAT OF A CONFIDENT MAN... A MAN WITH A FEELING OF A NEW LIFE OPENING TO HIM! BUT HIS WELL-BEING FADED WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF AN HOUR BEFORE...



SHE'S GONE!

PRESENTLY, LETOQ BECAME AWARE OF A PRESENCE AT HIS SIDE... HE TURNED TO FIND THE VERY YOUNG LADY HE WAS SEEKING...



I BEG YOUR PARDON, M'SIEU! I WOULD LIKE TO... OH! FORGIVE ME! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE!

IT IS QUITE ALL RIGHT! YOU WERE EXPECTING A... A YOUNG MAN? PERHAPS A SWEET-HEART?

NO, HARDLY THAT, M'SIEU! BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE... A MAN WHO STOOD HERE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT! HE MEANT NO HARM, I SUPPOSE! BUT LAST NIGHT I'M AFRAID I TREATED HIM RATHER HARSHLY... AND I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HE!

I... KNEW HIM QUITE WELL! YOU SEE... HE HAS GONE AWAY... PERHAPS NEVER TO RETURN!



PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT MY FRIEND! I CAN ASSURE YOU HIS LIFE WAS QUITE INTERESTING!

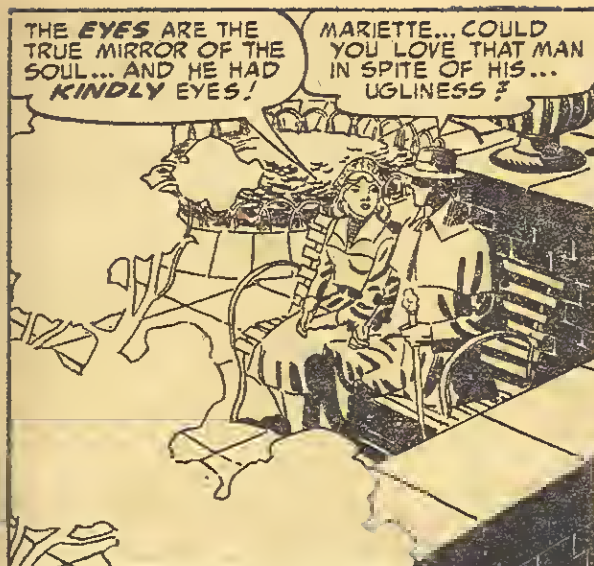
NOTHING WOULD PLEASE ME MORE, M'SIEU!

THE GIRL'S SIMPLE TRUST INSPIRED LETOQ AND LOOSENED HIS TONGUE! AS THEY WALKED THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS, THESE TWO LONELY SOULS, HE UNFOLDED THE STORY OF HIS LIFE...

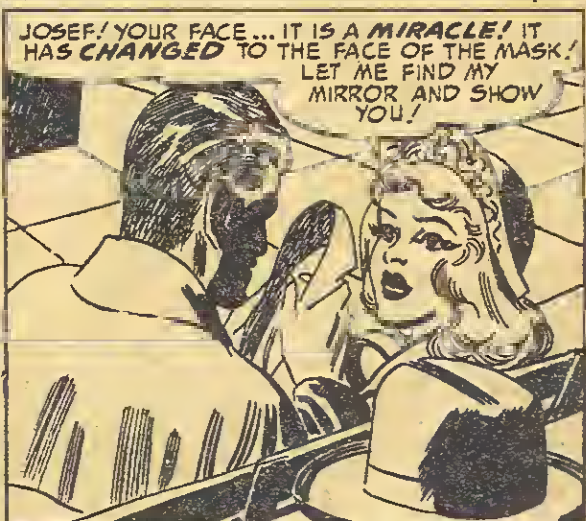
...AND SO MY FRIEND SHUT HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM WITH HIS MUSIC! FOR THE CONCERT STAGE WANTED NO PART OF A VIOLINIST WHO WAS PHYSICALLY REPULSIVE AS HE! BUT ALL THAT IS BEHIND HIM NOW! HE IS STARTING LIFE AFRESH!



I'M SO GLAD FOR HIM!



TREMBLING FINGERS CLUTCHED AT THE MASK AND AS ITS FRAIL COMPOSITION YIELDED...



CALL IT SELF-CONFIDENCE, CALL IT FAITH, CALL IT LOVE! LETOQ'S WHOLE LIFE CHANGED AFTER THAT! HIS MUSIC BECAME INSPIRED AND SOON, ALL PARIS... ALL FRANCE... WAS AT THE FEET OF THIS NEWLY RECOGNIZED GENIUS...



BUT JEALOUS FAME, WHO SHARES HER PLAY-THINGS WITH NO ONE, BEGAN TO UNFOLD HER TIME-TESTED PLAN!

IF MADAME DAUMIER WERE NOT SO INFLUENTIAL, I WOULD NOT CONSIDER LEAVING YOUR SIDE FOR A MOMENT, BUT THE FATE OF MY EUROPEAN TOUR IS IN *HER* HANDS!

DARLING, YOUR WELL-BEING IS ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME, JOSEF! I SHALL BE HAPPY KNOWING YOU ARE HAPPY!

AT FIRST LETOQ RESISTED... AH, MADAME DAUMIER, IT IS STRANGE THAT ALL YOUR "DISCOVERIES" ARE SO HANDSOME! JUST THINK... A LITTLE MORE DASH AND I, TOO, MAY HAVE BEEN *DISCOVERED*!

AND THIS IS MY LATEST DISCOVERY... JOSEF LETOQ!

BUT STRONGER MEN THAN LETOQ HAD YIELDED, AND A MAN WHO HAD BEEN SHUNNED ALL HIS LIFE BY SOCIETY COULD NOT BE EXPECTED TO PUT UP THE BRAVEST FIGHT!... AS THE DAYS TURNED INTO MONTHS...

BUT, JOSEF, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN TO SEE ME ONE NIGHT IN THE PAST SIX WEEKS! SURELY...

MARIETTE STOP NAGGING ME, I TOLD YOU I'VE BEEN BUSY!

THAT NIGHT, LETOQ WAS TO KNOW HOW SUCCESSFUL HIS CHOICE OF A FACE HAD BEEN!

YOU ASKED ME TO REMAIN, MADAME DAUMIER? IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO TELL ME?

JOSEF, REALLY! ARE YOU SO BLIND?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HAVE I DISPLEASED YOU IN ANY WAY?

IF YOU HAD DISPLEASED ME, JOSEF, I WOULD NOT HAVE ASKED YOU TO STAY AT ALL! SURELY YOU CAN THINK OF A *BETTER* REASON!

I CAN *THINK* OF A REASON... BUT I DARE NOT SAY IT! IT SEEMS... TOO MUCH TO EXPECT THAT YOU... THAT YOU...

I AM A WIDOW, JOSEF... AND YOU WOULD MAKE A FINE HUSBAND!

THE KISS WAS PLEASING... BUT WOULD BIND HIM TO A SITUATION HE DID NOT WANT!

LETOQ TORE HIMSELF FROM MADAME DAUMIER'S ARMS -- HE DID NOT SEEK A WIDOW -- EVEN A PRETTY ONE! HE FELT SLIGHT QUALMS ABOUT MARIETTE WHEN HE CALLED THE FOLLOWING DAY... BUT THEY WERE EASILY FORGOTTEN IN HIS COMPLETE JOY AT NOT FINDING HER THERE TO SPOIL HIS MOOD!

AH! SHE LEAVES A NOTE! PROBABLY HAS GONE TO A FRIEND'S FOR THE EVENING!



EVEN THE CONTENTS OF THE NOTE, THOUGH THEY CAUSED HIM A BRIEF UNEASINESS, COULD NOT SERVE TO RUIN HIS HAPPINESS!

"...AND SO, JOSEF, I THOUGHT IT BEST THAT I STAND IN YOUR WAY NO LONGER! DO NOT TRY TO FIND ME! GOOD-BYE... AND MAY FORTUNE BE WITH YOU... ALWAYS, MARIETTE!"



THIS WAS A STROKE OF GOOD LUCK, INDEED! NOW THERE WAS NOTHING TO STAND BETWEEN HIM AND MADAME DAUMIER! LETOQ WHISTLED A POPULAR WALTZ, A VERY LIGHT-HEARTED ONE... AS HE PREPARED TO LEAVE THAT NIGHT!

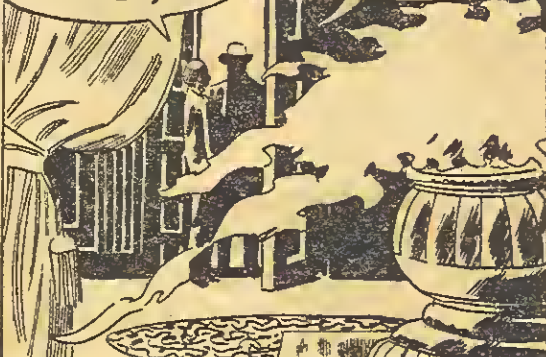
GOOD FORTUNE, INDEED! MADAME DAUMIER WILL BE PLEASED AT THE NEWS! I AM FREE! FREE!



LETOQ'S GAY SPIRITS WERE TO BE SHORT-LIVED, AS HE APPEARED AT MADAME DAUMIER'S DOOR THAT EVENING!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT MADAME DAUMIER HAS AN APPOINTMENT AND CAN SEE NO ONE! WHO SHALL I SAY CALLED?

MADAME DAUMIER HAS AN APPOINTMENT WITH ME! IT IS I, M. LETOQ! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT, YOU FOOL?



YOU, M. LETOQ? YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

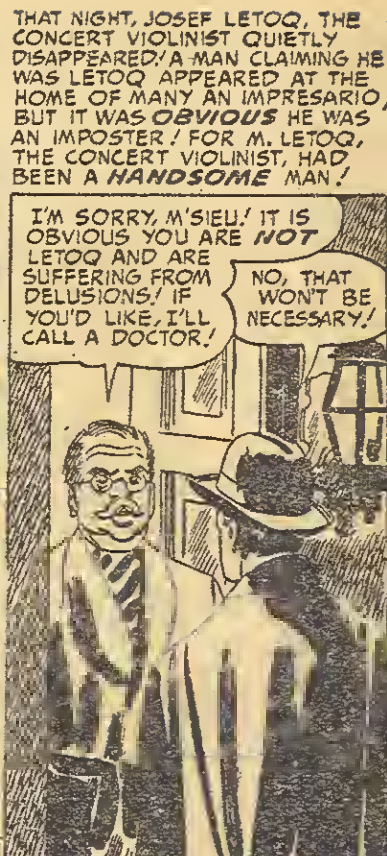
DON'T TRY TO TELL ME WHO I AM! STAND ASIDE!



YVETTE! YVETTE!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO IS THIS CREATURE? WHAT DOES HE WANT?





TODAY, IF YOU SHOULD PASS A CERTAIN LUNCHROOM ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX, YOU MAY SEE A LONELY FIGURE STANDING, STARING INTO THE HARSH YELLOW LIGHT/IT IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ...



ON APRIL 25TH, 1950, HE WAS WHEELED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM AND PREPARED FOR SURGERY--AN OLD MAN, WHOSE FEATURES WERE STERNLY RESOLVED--EVEN AS HE ENTERED THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT--WHERE THE SOUL DISCARDS ITS SUIT OF FLESH--AND STANDS ALONE ... FROM THE PALE, BLUISH LIPS CAME THE TESTIMONY OF WHAT HAPPENED IN ...

The COURTS OF SLEEP!

HE WAS SILAS STONE, MUMBLED THE WAXEN LIPS. AND HE DIDN'T CARE WHAT ANYONE THOUGHT ABOUT HIM. HE DIDN'T CARE WHAT ANYONE THOUGHT! HE WAS UNCOMFORTABLE AND IN PAIN! IF ONLY HE COULD BE FREED OF IT QUICKLY!

GET OUT, YOU BUSY-BODY! I'LL NOT HAVE ANY FEMALE FUSSING OVER ME! YOU'RE ALL THE SAME! GET OUT! GET OUT!

MISTER STONE!



OH! DR. STROUD! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! IT'S THAT HORRIBLE MAN IN 220! I WENT IN TO GIVE HIM THE SEDATIVE YOU PRESCRIBED AND HE STARTED TO INSULT ME IN THE VILEST MANNER! WHY, HE EVEN THREW A GLASS OF WATER AT ME!

NOT AGAIN! CALM DOWN, MISS WEST! I'LL LOOK INTO THIS IMMEDIATELY!

SURG



NOW, LISTEN TO ME, MISTER STONE! THIS MAKES THE FIFTH NURSE YOU'VE INSULTED THIS WEEK! YOU MAY BE A MAN OF AUTHORITY IN YOUR BUSINESS, BUT I HAVE CHARGE OF THINGS HERE! I INSIST UPON YOUR COOPERATION...

DON'T LECTURE ME, YOU YOUNG IDIOT! I CAME HERE FOR AN OPERATION! TO RID MYSELF OF A BLASTED AILMENT! WHAT'S BEING DONE ABOUT IT? NOTHING! NOTHING!



PLEASE, SIR! YOU MUST CALM DOWN! THE CONDITION OF YOUR HEART IS A BIG FACTOR IN WHAT'S TO COME!

YOU'D LIKE TO SEE ME DIE, WOULDN'T YOU? YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM! JEALOUS OF MY MONEY! I'D LIKE TO WALK OUT OF HERE AND LAUGH AT THE PACK OF YOU!



I DEPLORE YOUR ATTITUDE, MISTER STONE! HOWEVER, YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT WE'RE OPERATING AT ONCE! THE ATTENDANTS ARE COMING FOR YOU NOW!



THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE WHITE-CLAD PEOPLE TOOK SILAS TO THE BRIGHT, STERILE CHAMBER OF DECISION!

COUNT SLOWLY TO TEN, MISTER STONE...

INSTRUMENTS READY...



ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FI--



W-WHY I'M BACK IN MY ROOM!
IT'S OVER, AND I'M STILL ALIVE! I
IMAGINE THAT EGOTIST OF A DOCTOR
WILL BE HERE IN A MOMENT...
EXPECTING ME TO GROVEL TO
HIM IN GRATITUDE!



YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, MISTER STONE!
WE ALMOST LOST YOU! I BELIEVE
IT WAS A POWER GREATER THAN
MINE WHICH GAVE YOU A
SECOND CHANCE! IF I
WERE YOU I'D MAKE THE
MOST OF IT!

I PAID GOOD
MONEY FOR YOUR
TALENTS... **NOT**
YOUR PREACHING.
DOCTOR! MY PERSONAL
AFFAIRS ARE NONE OF
YOUR BUSINESS!



HE WAS WELL AGAIN, SAID THE PALE LIPS. HE WAS
ANXIOUS TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL... RETURN TO HIS
BUSINESS... AND THE MONEY HE WORSHIPPED...

I WON'T STAY IN THIS
PLACE ANY LONGER!
I FEEL FINE! I DEMAND
THAT YOU RELEASE ME!

YOU CAN LEAVE THIS
MORNING, MISTER STONE!
YOU'RE OUT OF DANGER
...FOR THE PRESENT! BUT,
I WOULD SUGGEST YOU
AVOID ANY **EXCITEMENT!**
YOUR HEART IS STILL A
MATTER FOR
CONCERN!



YOU PILL PEDDLERS
ARE ALL ALIKE! YOU
GIVE A MAN LIFE
AND THEN TRY TO
FRIGHTEN HIM OUT
OF IT! NOTIFY MY
VALET! I CAN'T WAIT
TO LEAVE THIS
PLACE!

I'M SURE EVERYONE IN
THIS HOSPITAL WILL BE
HAPPY TO SEE YOU
LEAVE, MR. STONE! IN
ALL MY EXPERIENCE AS
A PHYSICIAN I'VE **NEVER**
MET A MORE ILL-
MANNERED, IL-TEMPERED
MAN... WHOSE UTTER
DISREGARD FOR THE
REST OF HUMANITY IS
SIMPLY ASTONISHING!



TIME PASSED SWIFTLY, AND SILAS STONE WAS ON HIS
WAY HOME! UNGRATEFUL... UNMINDFUL... UNCHANGED...

I... I BEG YOUR
PARDON... OH...

WHY DON'T YOU CLEAR
THE WAY FOR ME, YOU
FOOL! YOU'RE **NOT**
DOING YOUR JOB...

I... I'M
TERRIBLY
SORRY, SIR! I
DIDN'T SEE
HIM COMING...



DON'T DAWDLE,
HORTON! PUT SOME
SPEED ON! NEVER
MIND THAT DOG!

Y-YES, SIR!



THAT EVENING, STONE AND HIS LAWYER BYRON DREW TALKED IN THE STUDY...

I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU BACK, SILAS! NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT A FULL ACCOUNTING OF THE INVESTMENT ADMINISTERED WHILE YOU WERE ILL!

I CERTAINLY DO BYRON! HAVE YOU FORECLOSED THE JAMESON PROPERTY? MY REPORTS SHOW THE PAYMENTS ARE LONG OVERDUE!



I'VE GIVEN THEM A MONTH'S GRACE TO BRING THEIR PAYMENTS UP TO DATE! THEY'RE JUST AVERAGE PEOPLE WHO'VE HAD A RUN OF BAD LUCK!

YOU DID WHAT? BYRON, YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU REALIZE I WAS AWARE OF THEIR DIFFICULTIES! YOU'VE RUINED MY ONE CHANCE OF GRABBING THEIR PROPERTY! JAMESON IS A CLOD! HE DESERVES TO LOSE IT!



YOU CONTEMPTIBLE TYRANT! FOR YEARS I'VE STOOD BY, AND WATCHED YOU HEARTLESSLY BRING PEOPLE TO RUIN! I'M THROUGH! I'M FED UP WITH YOU AND YOUR METHODS! YOU'VE CREATED ENOUGH MISERY AND HEARTBREAK IN YOUR LIFE TIME TO CONDEMN YOUR SOUL TO ETERNAL PURGATORY!

YOU... YOU...



I PITY YOU, SILAS! IT'S AMAZING HOW THAT HEART OF YOURS KEEPS ON BEATING UNDER THAT THICK COAT OF ICE!



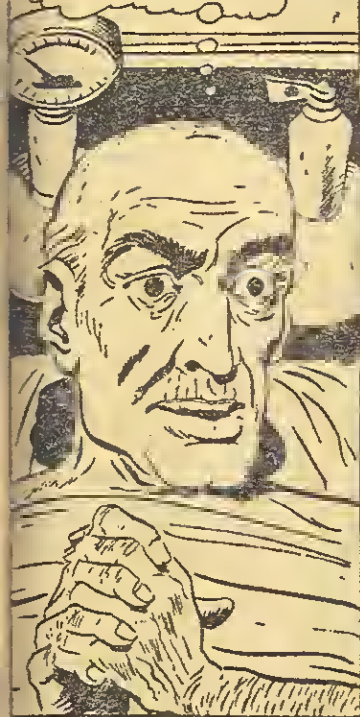
AT THAT MOMENT!

YOU SENTIMENTAL IDIOT! TO THINK I TRUSTED YOU WITH MY BUSINESS! YOU'LL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS! NO MAN CAN TALK TO ME LIKE... AR-R-G-G-H-H! MY HEART! BYRON, HELP ME...



THE PAIN STRUCK QUICKLY, THERE WAS ANOTHER DARKNESS -- ANOTHER AWAKENING...

WHY, I'M ON THE OPERATING TABLE! IT WAS ONLY A DREAM! OR WAS IT? COULD IT HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF WARNING--



IT'S NOT TOO LATE! I CAN STILL CHANGE -- DOCTOR STROUD! DO YOU HEAR ME? I CAN STILL CHANGE BEFORE I AM JUDGED--



YOU HAVE BEEN JUDGED, SILAS!



ON APRIL 25TH 1950, THE BODY OF THE OLD MAN WAS WHEELED FROM THE OPERATING ROOM... DURING THE ADMINISTERING OF ANESTHESIA HE'D SCREAMED AND EXPIRED!. THE EXPRESSION ON SILAS STONE'S DEAD FACE WAS ONE OF TERRIBLE SURPRISE!

THE END

Everyone of us lives in two worlds!

ONE OF THEM WE ACCEPT AS REALITY-- IN THE OTHER, WE WANDER AS BAFFLED STRANGERS, WITNESSING SCENES WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND!

WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS!

The world of your dreams is a strange and fantastic place where the unpredictable is the normal...

WHERE THE FAMILIAR BECOMES THE GROTESQUE!-- WHERE HATE BURNS LIKE THE FIRE OF HADES AND LOVE IS AN EMOTION THAT SWEEPS THROUGH THE ENTIRE SOUL! IT'S A BIZARRE, OUTLANDISH WORLD WHICH WE SHARE WITH THE NIGHT!

HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME

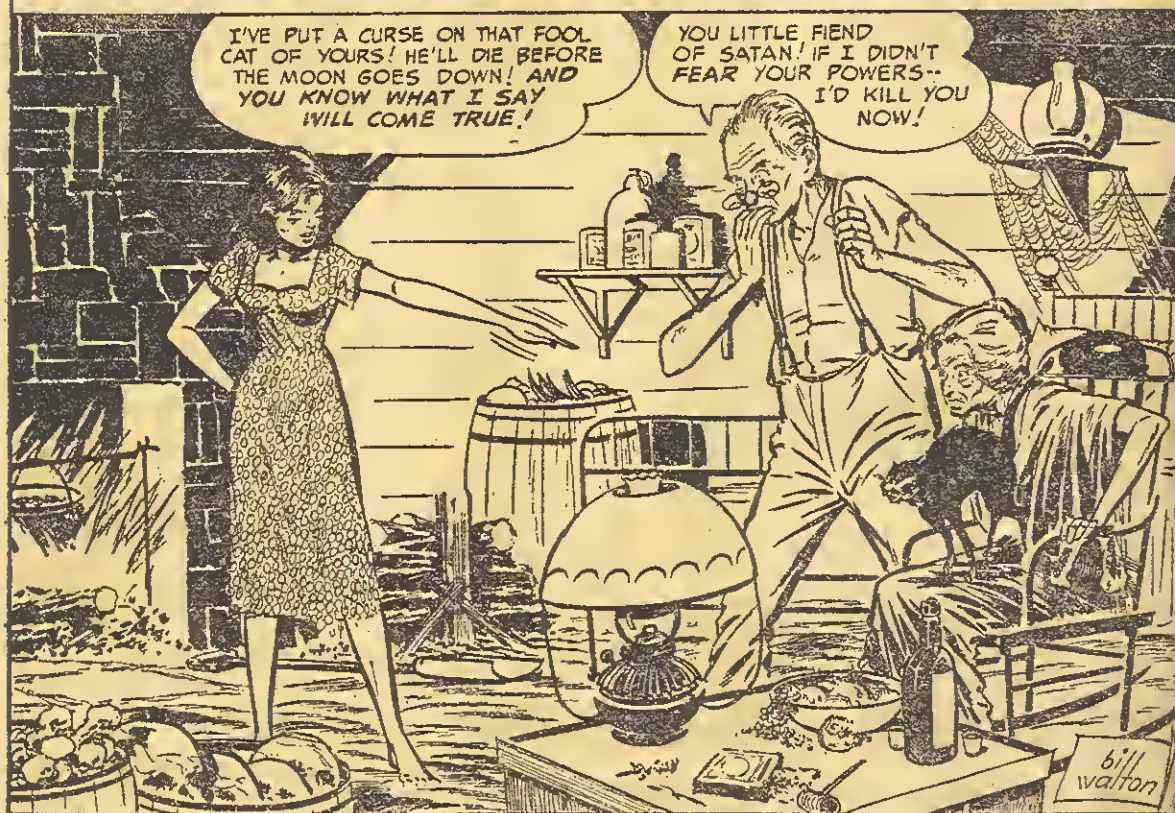
CAPTURED ON PAPER, DRAMATIZED AND ILLUSTRATED, ARE THE STRANGE SCENES OF OUR JOURNEYS INTO SLEEP WHICH AFFECT EVEN OUR WAKING HOURS!

NOW YOU CAN SEE THEM IN THE LIGHT OF DAY AND KNOW THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN YOUR EVERYDAY LIFE!

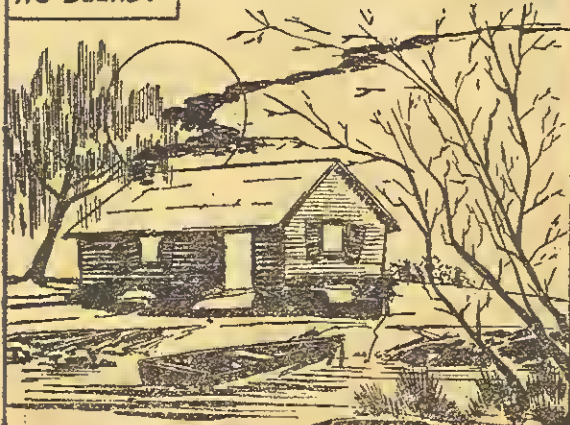


THE DEVIL WAS HER TEACHER, AND DEATH DID AS SHE BID! OLD JUDD HAD NO DOUBTS ABOUT HER. MYRA WAS THE REAL THING. THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAD BROUGHT HIM A

WITCH GIRL!



THE CROAK OF A HUGE BULLFROG, AND THE ANSWERING CHATTER OF A CICADA, ACROSS THE CREEK, WERE THE ONLY NOISES TO DISTURB THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE SWAMP. A FAINT RAY OF LIGHT FELL ON THE ROWBOAT MOORED OUTSIDE THE LITTLE HUT, BUT FROM WITHIN, THERE WAS NO SOUND.



INSIDE, THE HOUSE, THE FETID ODOR FROM THE BOILING CAULDRON—AND THE TOMBLIKE STILLNESS COMBINED TO LEND AN AIR OF EVEN GREATER DECAY.





WHAT DID HE GIVE YOU?

FIVE DOLLARS! IT'S WHAT I ALWAYS ASK FOR A **DEATH CHARM!**



YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED **MORE!** HE HAS MORE TO PAY, I KNOW IT!

HE'LL BE BACK! I'LL GET THE **REST** THEN! WE... WE'VE GOT TO CHECK OUR GREED, OLD WOMAN!



BAH! THE IGNORANT FOOLS! MAKE THEM PAY UNTIL IT HURTS THEM! THEY'LL THINK MORE OF YOU FOR IT! YOU CAN'T BE A **CONJURE MAN** AND...

QUIET! SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING!



I BRING MY **DAUGHTER**, MYRA, OLD JUDD! YOU MUST HELP ME! **THE GIRL IS BORN OF THE DEVIL!** ONLY YOU CAN **BREAK** HIS HOLD ON HER SOUL! SAVE HER... OR SHE IS LOST!

IT WILL TAKE MUCH MONEY! I'LL HAVE TO FIND A VERY POWERFUL **CHARM!**



I GOT **SOME** MONEY, OLD JUDD, BUT, I'LL GIT MORE IF I HAVE TO! I PROMISE I WILL! SATAN WILL CLAIM HER FOR SURE... IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE!

I'LL DO MY BEST FOR HER, MRS. CARPENTER! WHAT **SIGNS** DOES MYRA SHOW OF THIS EVIL KINSHIP?

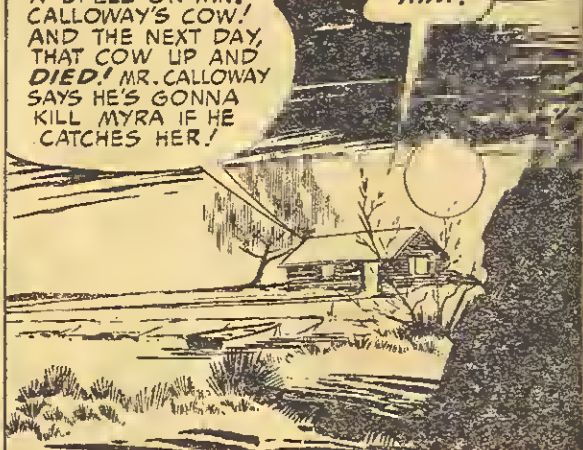
SHE SEES THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE! MYRA SAYS THAT SHE'S TALKING TO THE DEVIL... WHEN THERE'S NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!

I DO TALK TO THE DEVIL! I SEE HIM EVEN IF YOU CAN'T!



AND SHE USES HIS EVIL POWERS, OLD JUDD! SHE CASTS SPELLS! THE OTHER DAY SHE CAST A SPELL ON MR. CALLOWAY'S COW! AND THE NEXT DAY, THAT COW UP AND DIED! MR. CALLOWAY SAYS HE'S GONNA KILL MYRA IF HE CATCHES HER!

I HATE THAT MEAN OLD CALLOWAY! I HOPE HIS ROOF FALLS IN ON HIM!



WELL... A CHARM FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT WILL...

THERE! LOOK AT THAT CAT! SHE KNOWS THE DEVIL IS HOVERING ABOUT!



OW! THAT TABBY SCRATCHED ME!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TEASED HIM THAT WAY, GIRL! HE DOESN'T LIKE IT!



I HATE CATS! I HOPE THIS ONE IS DEAD BEFORE THE MOON GOES DOWN!

YOU HORRIBLE GIRL! TURN HER OUT OF THE HOUSE, JUDD! I WON'T HAVE HER HERE!

MYRA!



MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO NOW, MRS. CARPENTER! YOU COME BACK TOMORROW AND BRING MONEY WITH YOU... LOTS OF MONEY! THE CHARM WILL BE READY FOR YOU!



I'M SORRY ABOUT MYRA'S BEHAVIOR, OLD JUDD! THE CHILD CAN'T HELP HERSELF... BEING IN THE TOILS OF THE DARK ONE, LIKE SHE IS...

I UNDERSTAND, MRS. CARPENTER! IT... IT'S NOT PLEASANT TO DEAL WITH A POSSESSED SOUL! BUT, I'LL SET MYRA FREE! NEVER FEAR!





I DON'T LIKE THIS, JUDD! DID YOU SEE THAT GIRL'S EYES? BLAZING WITH THE FIRES OF THE PITS, THEY WERE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!

I'M SURPRISED AT HEARING THAT NONSENSE FROM YOU! MYRA'S JUST A MEAN TEMPERED BRAT! I'LL MIX A POTION THAT'LL SLOW HER DOWN!

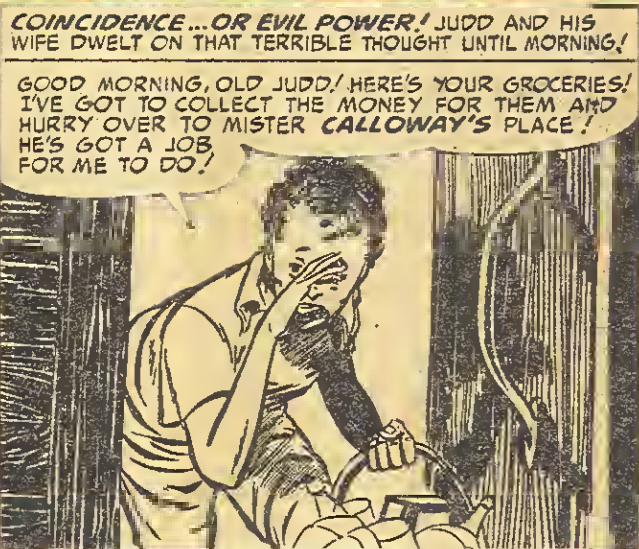


JUDD! LOOK AT THE CAT!



GOOD GRIEF! HE'S DEAD! DEADER THAN A DOORNAIL!

THE GIRL! IT WAS THAT LITTLE FIEND! SHE WILLED HIM TO DIE!



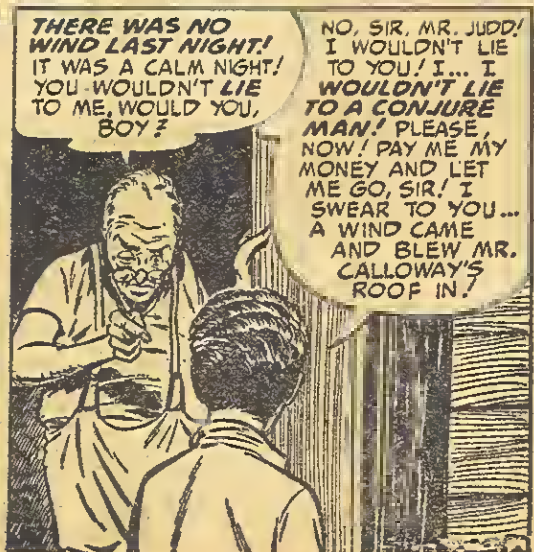
COINCIDENCE... OR EVIL POWER! JUDD AND HIS WIFE DWELT ON THAT TERRIBLE THOUGHT UNTIL MORNING!

GOOD MORNING, OLD JUDD! HERE'S YOUR GROCERIES! I'VE GOT TO COLLECT THE MONEY FOR THEM AND HURRY OVER TO MISTER CALLOWAY'S PLACE! HE'S GOT A JOB FOR ME TO DO!



YOU GOT A JOB AT CALLOWAY'S? WHAT DOES HE WANT YOU TO DO?

HELP HIM FIX HIS ROOF! A BIG WIND CAME UP LAST NIGHT, HE TOLD ME! IT ALMOST BLEW HIS ROOF CLEAR OFF!



THERE WAS NO WIND LAST NIGHT! IT WAS A CALM NIGHT! YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME, WOULD YOU, BOY?

NO, SIR, MR. JUDD! I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU! I... I WOULDN'T LIE TO A CONJURE MAN! PLEASE, NOW! PAY ME MY MONEY AND LET ME GO, SIR! I SWEAR TO YOU... A WIND CAME AND BLEW MR. CALLOWAY'S ROOF IN!

IT HAPPENED JUST LIKE THE GIRL SAID IT WOULD! IT'S UNCANNY! UNBELIEVABLE!



SO, THE GIRL IS A REAL, GENUINE EVIL SPIRIT! HER POWERS MAKE MINE LOOK LIKE CHILD'S PLAY! IF I COULD ONLY MAKE HER GIVE UP THE DEVIL'S SECRETS TO ME...



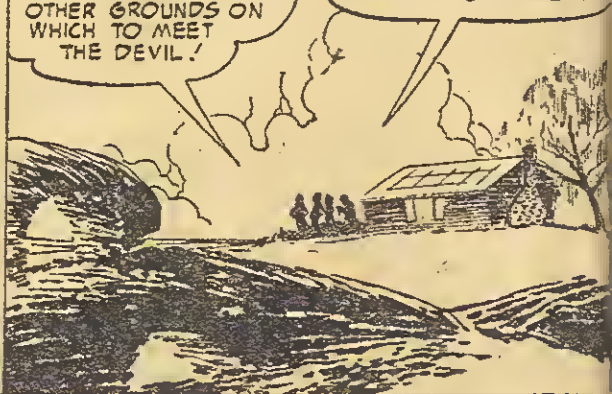
I'VE GOT THE MONEY, OLD JUDD! IS THE CHARM READY?

I'M AFRAID THIS WILL TAKE MORE TIME THAN I FIGURED ON, MRS. CARPENTER! YOUR DAUGHTER'S CASE IS THE MOST UNUSUAL ONE THAT'S EVER BEEN BROUGHT TO ME!



SHE MUST BE SATAN'S FAVORITE CHILD INDEED! THE POWERS ON HER SIDE ARE DEVILISHLY STRONG! POTIONS AND SPELLS ARE USELESS IN THIS FIGHT! BUT, THERE ARE OTHER GROUNDS ON WHICH TO MEET THE DEVIL!

WHAT JUDD MEANS, MRS. CARPENTER, IS TO LEAVE MYRA IN HIS CARE FOR AWHILE! COME WITH ME! WHEN WE RETURN, SHE MAY BE CURED!



ALONE WITH THE GIRL, OLD JUDD BEGAN TO QUESTION HER!

NOW, MYRA, YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT I WANT TO HELP YOU... BUT, FIRST, YOU MUST TELL ME HOW YOU CARRY OUT THIS SORCERY!

OLD SATAN GIVES ME THE POWER... THAT'S HOW!



YOU MEAN THAT SATAN ACTUALLY STANDS BY YOU... TEACHES YOU THESE TERRIFYING THINGS? BUT HOW DID THIS COME ABOUT? WHEN DID...

HE JUST SHOWED UP, THAT'S ALL! I WAS KINDA GLAD TO SEE HIM! HE SAYS MY KIND ALWAYS IS... THAT'S WHY HE CAN REACH US... AND SHOW US HOW TO DO TRICKS... LIKE SEEING THINGS THAT HAVEN'T HAPPENED YET!



WHAT SORT OF THINGS, MYRA. WHAT DO YOU SEE?

WELL, LIKE DEATH, FOR INSTANCE. I CAN LOOK AT A PERSON--AND, TELL WHEN HE'S GOING TO DIE-- BECAUSE I CAN SEE DEATH SITTING INSIDE HIM!

AS THE GIRL BEGAN TO TALK, THE ROOM SLOWLY BECAME FILLED WITH AN EERIE GLOW, AND HER VOICE CHANGED TO A SLOW CHANTING WHISPER.

AND SOMETIMES I SEE DEATH IN SOME OTHER PLACES-- I SEE HIM NOW-- SITTING IN THAT CHAIR!

WHAT? DEATH-- HERE?

W-WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME LIKE THAT-- YOU DEMON!

THE GIRL'S VOICE BROKE OFF SUDDENLY, AND WITH A GASP, SHE POINTED HER FINGER AT OLD JUDD!

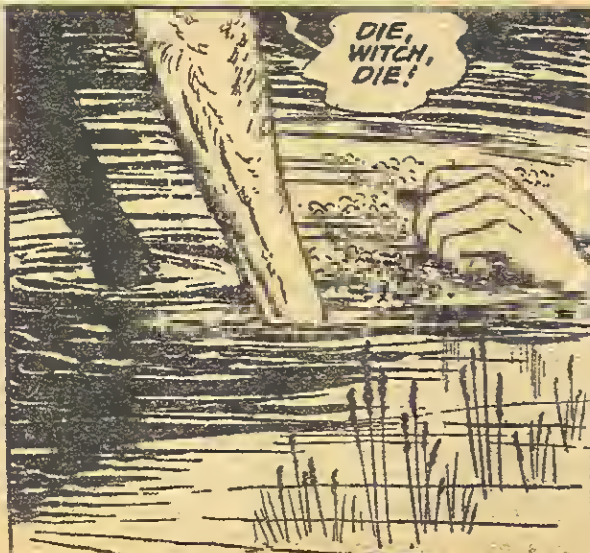
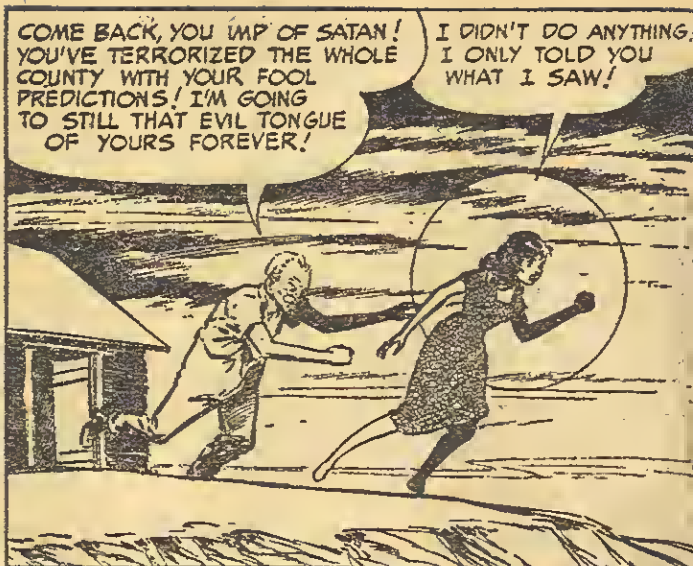
DEATH-- SITTING IN THAT CHAIR! HE LOOKS LIKE YOU, OLD JUDD!

WHAT MADNESS IS THIS--

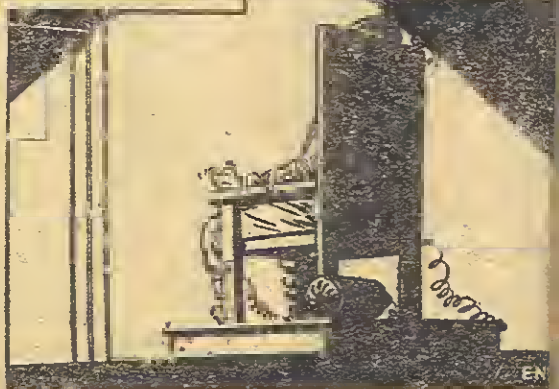
SHOUTING WON'T HELP YOU--NONE, OLD JUDD! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! YOU'D DO BETTER TO LOOK TO YOUR OWN SOUL RIGHT NOW-- THEN FUSS ABOUT MINE!

WITCH GIRL! YOU'RE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME!

DEATH IN A CHAIR, OLD JUDD! I SEE HIM AS PLAIN AS DAY! YOU'RE NOT A REAL CONJURE MAN! IF YOU WERE-- YOU'D SEE HIM TOO!

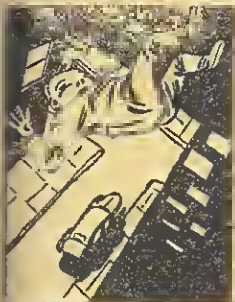


ON DECEMBER 14, 1927, OLD JUDD WAS EXECUTED FOR MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE. HE WAS ESCORTED TO A SMALL CHAMBER WHERE HE SAW IT-- JUST AS THE WITCH GIRL DESCRIBED IT-- **THE CHAIR-- IN WHICH DEATH SAT WAITING-- THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!**



A MAN'S GREED

SUPPOSE YOU FOUND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!
WOULD YOU DARE DRINK OF IT?



WE were just making conversation one night at Charlie's, talking about the state of the world in general when George suddenly asked. "What do you think really became of Greedy Lennie?"

Speculation over exactly what had happened to Lennie Bowers had always

been topic enough to keep us talking for most of the night. Only tonight, George had aimed his question at Hank Meadows.

"Yeah, what do you think happened to Lennie," the rest of us chimed in. We all had our own ideas but Hank had never said much on the subject and he was the only one of us who could really be called Lennie's friend.

Hank looked from man to man for quite a time before he said anything. "If you really want to know what I think," he started at last. "I think Lennie found the Fountain of Youth."

Of course, we all laughed at Hank but he didn't look like he was kidding. You see, Lennie was one of those peculiar guys, you meet ever so often. He was terribly scared about growing old and one day he read a book about this Ponce de Leon guy who searched for the Fountain of Youth.

Well, Lennie took this guy dead serious. He decided there actually was a Fountain of Youth and he spent nearly five years of his life searching for it. He'd do any kind of a job—work eighteen hours a day, to get money for one of those ventures. About a year before he disappeared, he told all of us about an old map he'd bought. He was sure he knew the exact location of the Fountain now.

He'd even convinced Hank he knew what he was talking about and Hank had actually accompanied him on the trip. But shortly after they got back Lennie had disappeared and none of us had ever seen him again. Hank never talked about what had happened on that trip but tonight our curiosity was up and we didn't let poor Hank alone until he agreed to tell us what he knew.

"You remember what you said to us just when we left?" Hank said, turning to me. "Just as we drove away, you called out—'If you find it, Hank,

don't let Greedy Lennie drink the whole fountain dry.'"

I remembered. Lennie's greediness had always been something to laugh about. Ever since he'd been a little kid, he'd always wanted more than his share of everything.

"Well, we followed the map—it lead us somewhere down in Central America—I don't remember exactly where," Hank continued. "And we did find a fountain—a real lovely thing. Lennie was certain he'd found his Fountain of Youth at last and he began drinking the stuff right away. He actually had me sort of convinced but just when I was going to take a drink, something held me back. I got to thinking—even if this water worked, maybe I wouldn't like being a young man all the time. It just isn't nature's way. So I didn't drink any of it."

"I tried to hold Lennie back, too—I was scared he'd make himself sick. Well, we camped around there for a few days and then we headed back. Lennie was happy now. Then after we got back here, he just disappeared.

"You know it's funny, though. I thought I saw him a couple of times on the street. I called to him once, only it turned out to be a guy much younger. He sure looked like Lennie, though, and I sort of felt he looked like he knew me, too.

"Then only last month, Mashowed me a picture of a runaway kid from an orphanage. She said it looked exactly like Lennie did when he was that age.

"Course, I'm not saying I really believe this but I get to thinking sometimes. Suppose that actually was the Fountain of Youth we discovered. Suppose it actually could keep you young forever. But what would happen if you drank too much of the stuff? And Lennie was an awfully greedy guy..."

We all tried to laugh at Hank's idea but none of us was too successful. That was about a month ago, and it's funny the way I can't get that story out of my mind. Why, the other day I read in the paper about this baby who fell twelve stories from a high building—he was just a little fellow—but his mother said he never would stay in his crib—always trying to get out. They had a picture of the baby, too—and darned if it didn't look like some of those baby pictures of Lennie his mother's always showing everybody...

ALTHOUGH 700 YEARS HAD COME AND GONE, THE ABBEY
WAS STILL PROTECTED BY-

The MAILED FIST of McGONIGLE!



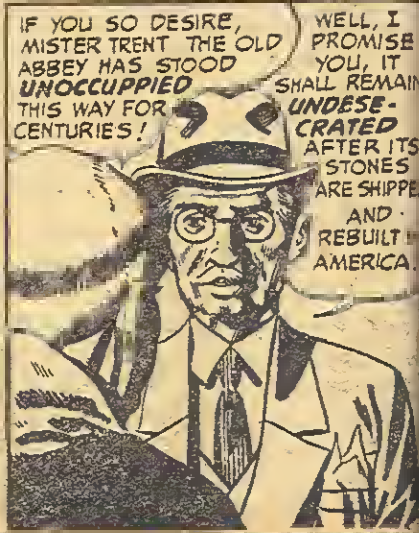
B. J. TRENT,
WAS ONE OF
THOSE VERY
WEALTHY
AMERICANS
WHO LIKED
TO BROWSE
ABOUT EUROPE
AND **BUY**
THINGS--
LIKE CASTLES--
OLD
CHATEAUX AND
QUAINT SWISS
VILLAGES..
IT WAS WHEN
HE VISITED
THE COAST
OF IRELAND,
THAT HE WAS
STRUCK BY
THE ANCIENT
BEAUTY OF THE
ABBAY.

I MUST HAVE THIS PLACE,
BROTHER JOHN. THERE'S AN
IDEAL LOCATION FOR IT ON
MY ESTATE. IF YOU SAY IT'S
FOR SALE--**I'LL
BUY IT!**



IF YOU SO DESIRE,
MISTER TRENT THE OLD
ABBAY HAS STOOD
UNOCCUPIED
THIS WAY FOR
CENTURIES!

WELL, I
PROMISE
YOU, IT
SHALL REMAIN
UNDESE-
CRATED
AFTER ITS
STONES
ARE SHIPPED
AND
REBUILT
IN AMERICA.



WE KNOW YOU ARE A MAN OF
OUR WORD! HOWEVER, IF
YOU DO PURCHASE THE
ABBAY, YOU
**TAKE KEVIN
MCGONIGLE**
AS WELL!

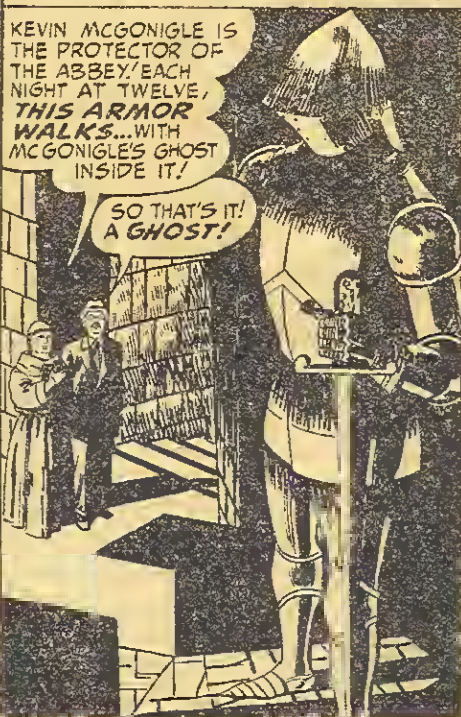
KEVIN
MCGONIGLE?
I... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



THE DISTANT TOLLING OF CHAPEL BELLS OUT-
SIDE WAS HEARD FAINTLY AS THEY MOVED
DOWN THE STONE CORRIDORS. THEN THEY
STOPPED IN FRONT OF AN IMPOSING SUIT
OF GOLDEN ARMOR... STANDING HAUGHTY
AND OMINOUS IN THE PEACEFUL SILENCE.

KEVIN MCGONIGLE IS
THE PROTECTOR OF
THE ABBAY. EACH
NIGHT AT TWELVE,
**THIS ARMOR
WALKS...** WITH
MCGONIGLE'S GHOST
INSIDE IT!

SO THAT'S IT!
A GHOST!



KEVIN MCGONIGLE WAS A
BOLD KNIGHT AND **RESTLESS
SPIRIT**... EVEN IN LIFE! HE
COULD NEVER LEAVE A JOB
UNDONE... HE WAS SLAIN,
DEFENDING THE ABBAY,
700 YEARS AGO!

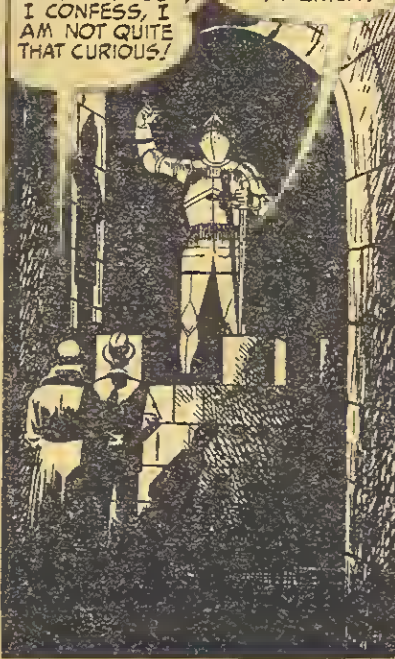


THE INTRUDERS TOOK HIM
FROM THE REAR AND STRUCK
OFF POOR KEVIN'S HEAD!
THEY WERE LATER CAUGHT
AND PUNISHED... AS FOR
KEVIN... HIS BODY FOUND
AN HONORED GRAVE... **BUT
HIS HEADLESS SPIRIT
STILL ROAMS THESE
HALLS...**



ALAS, DEATH
WAS **NOT** FOR
KEVIN! IT MEANT
DESERTING HIS
POST! **HE IS
WITH US YET!**
MANY HAVE SEEN
HIM! ALTHOUGH,
I CONFESS, I
AM NOT QUITE
THAT CURIOUS!

DELIGHTFUL!
THOROUGHLY
DELIGHTFUL!
I TRUST YOUR
KEVIN
MCGONIGLE
WILL LIKE
AMERICA!



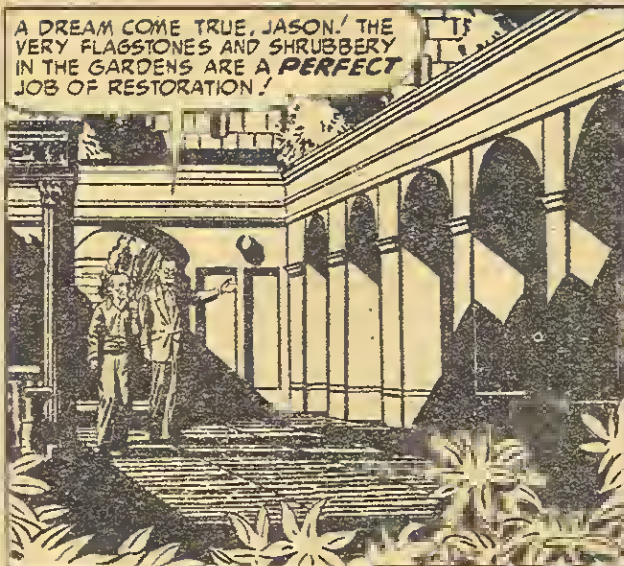
WHAT'S MORE, I
SHALL PUT GREAT
TREASURE IN HIS
CHARGE! MY MOST
**VALUABLE ART
PIECES!** I'M PLAN-
NING TO STORE
THEM IN THE
ABBAY!

KEVIN SHALL
GUARD THEM
WELL, SIR!
WHAT I'VE TOLD
YOU WAS **NOT**
FOR PURPOSES
OF AMUSEMENT!



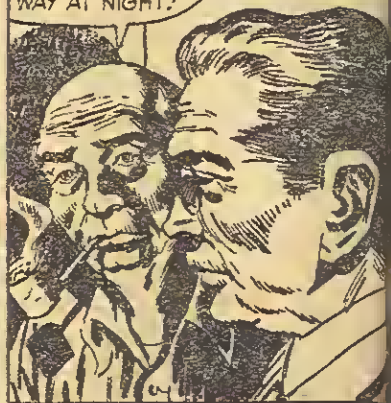
IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, MR. TRENT FORGOT ABOUT THE LEGEND THAT WENT WITH HIS INHERITED GHOST! THE ABBEY RESTORED ON HIS ESTATE WAS HIS PRIDE AND JOY, ENTRUSTED TO THE CARE OF JASON WEBB, THE HEAD CARE-TAKER...

A DREAM COME TRUE, JASON! THE VERY FLAGSTONES AND SHRUBBERY IN THE GARDENS ARE A PERFECT JOB OF RESTORATION!



SHE'S A BEAUTY, MR. TRENT! BUT... I... I WISH YOU COULD HAVE ONE OF THE GUARDS AT THE MAIN GATE KIND OF PASS THIS WAY AT NIGHT!

WHAT'S THIS? DO YOU MEAN THERE HAVE BEEN PROWLERS?



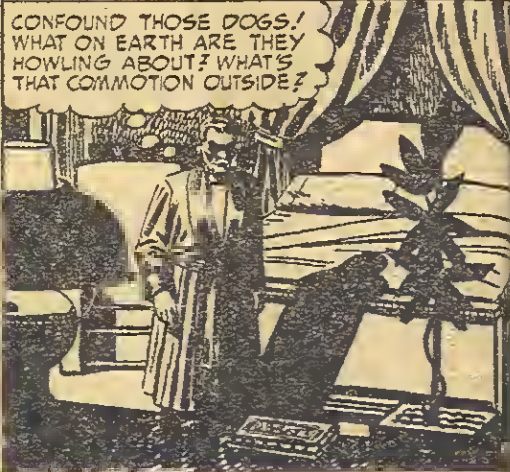
I... I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, SIR! NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED! BUT I HAVE HEARD SOUNDS... LIKE SOMEONE DRAGGING GARBAGE CANS... I TRY TO TRACK THEM DOWN... BUT I NEVER DO...

BY GEORGE, THAT'S ODD! YOU SHALL HAVE THE ASSISTANCE YOU REQUEST! IF ANYTHING DOES HAPPEN... REPORT TO ME AT ONCE!



IT WAS EVIDENT TO B.J. TRENT THAT OLD JASON WAS MERELY CONCERNED ABOUT HIS GREAT RESPONSIBILITY! BUT LATE ONE NIGHT...

CONFOUND THOSE DOGS! WHAT ON EARTH ARE THEY HOWLING ABOUT? WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION OUTSIDE?



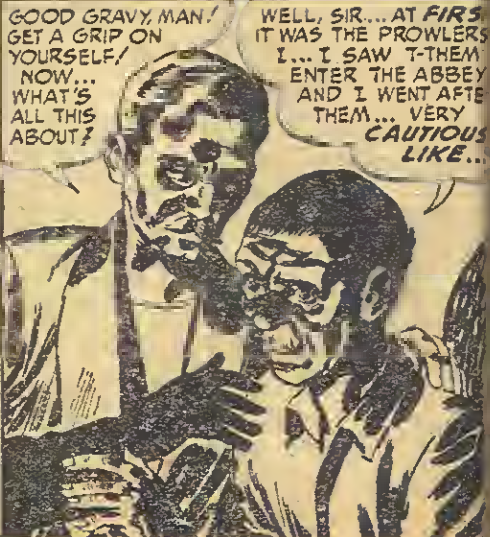
THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE AND CONFUSION WAS THE ABBEY! B.J. TRENT WAS SOON AT ITS ARCHED HALLS!

JASON! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON? WHY ARE THE GUARDS RUNNING ABOUT WITH THE HOUNDS!



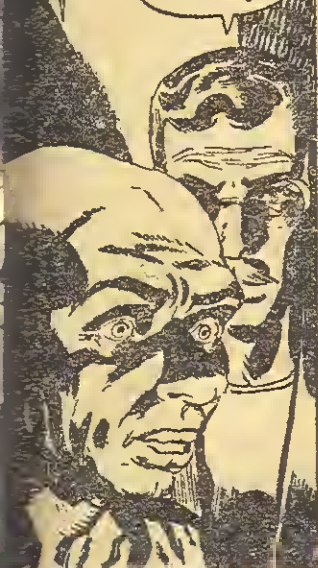
GOOD GRAVY, MAN! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! NOW... WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

WELL, SIR... AT FIRST IT WAS THE PROWLERS! I... I SAW THEM ENTER THE ABBEY AND I WENT AFTER THEM... VERY CAUTIOUS LIKE...



...I WAS ALMOST UPON THEM...WHEN... I WAS SCARED OUT OF MY WITS BY THE METAL BANGING DOWN THE HALL... THEN I SAW IT... COMING AT ME OUT OF THE DARKNESS... A SUIT OF ARMOR... MINUS ITS HEAD!

ARE YOU MAD?



IT DIDN'T STOP! AND, NEITHER DID I! AS I RAN FOR THE GUARDS, I COULD HEAR THE PROWLERS SCREAM IN TERROR! THEY MUST HAVE SEEN IT, TOO!

MR. TRENT!
MR. TRENT! WE FOUND ONE OF THE THIEVES!



WE CAUGHT HIM, MR. TRENT! BUT HE DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE! I THINK HE'S OFF HIS TROLLEY!

LEMMIE GO! GET ME OUT OF HERE! THAT THING IN THE IRON SUIT...IT'LL GET US...LIKE IT DID MY BUDDY!



HERE'S THE OTHER ONE! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FINISHED HIM OFF!

THIS IS... GHASTLY! THE POOR FELLOW'S SKULL IS AN AWFUL SIGHT!



THE DISMAL HALLS WERE CAREFULLY SEARCHED! EVERYTHING WAS IN ITS PLACE! EVEN THE DREADED SUIT OF ARMOR!

THE ARMOR DOESN'T APPEAR TO HAVE MOVED, JASON! THERE GOES YOUR GHOST STORY!

NOT QUITE, SIR! IT IS MISSING THE MAILED GLOVE ON ITS RIGHT HAND!



...AND THERE IT IS, SIR... ON THE FLOOR! THERE IS BLOOD ON IT!



THE END

THOSE WERE THE FACTS! WHAT ARE YOUR CONCLUSIONS? AN EMPTY SUIT OF ARMOR?... OR DID MCGONIGLE REALLY WALK?

DOUBLE DESTINY

THE GOVERNOR HAD AN IMPORTANT DECISION TO MAKE!
HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT!



MORGAN A. HANSON, governor of the state, looked at the papers that lay on his desk. There was no reason in the world why he should legitimately grant a stay of execution for the murderer Laird Williams, and yet the compulsion was strong.

It was more than the fact that the criminal resembled him so strongly—he'd been kidded about that often enough, ever since Williams had been named Public Enemy Number 1—but there was this whole case history of the man, which he now held in his hands.

He wondered why some enterprising reporter hadn't stumbled on the story—the facts of Williams' life were no secret, but for some reason no one had noticed that he and Hanson were twins, at least by virtue of having been born on the same day.

There were too many coincidences in this whole case. The Williams' medical record, appendicitis at the age of twelve, pneumonia at twenty-one—even the bullet wound in his right shoulder—it might well have been Hanson's own record he was reading.

He couldn't help shuddering now, even though he had been aware of these facts for a long time now. Was there some unexplainable bond between him and this criminal? He felt it somehow when he'd faced Williams in the courtroom ten years ago when he'd been prosecuting attorney.

There was no chance that they were actually related—perhaps twins separated right after birth. He knew the doctor who had brought him into the world—such a thing couldn't be possible. And yet, he couldn't shake off this feeling that had haunted him ever since Judge McIntosh had sentenced Williams to the electric chair.

"What happens to me when Williams dies?" he asked himself for the hundredth time.

But he was a responsible man, elected to this high office in good faith. He had no right to allow Williams to live. The man was a murderer—he deserved to die.

"Miss Brandon," he spoke into the telephone. "Call Williams' attorneys; I can't grant a stay of execution. The facts just don't warrant it."

The night on which Williams was scheduled to die was a hot, humid evening with a threat of rain in the air. The execution was scheduled for seven and now, at six-forty-five, Governor Hanson paced the room restlessly.

His wife looked away from her television program. "Can't you relax, Morgan," she asked affectionately. "These executions get you down so; you're not the one who's responsible."

"I know—I know," Hanson answered her wearily. "What's wrong with the set?"

"I think it must be the antenna," his wife answered, shutting off the program. "Ever since that storm last week, the reception's been awful."

"I guess I'll go out for a walk," Hanson said a minute later, heading for the door. "Maybe if I get a little air, I'll feel better."

He walked outside and down the gravel pathway to the garage. Remembering the television set, he looked up at his roof and saw the reason for the poor reception. The antenna had become caught in the branches of a tree that grew alongside the house.

It would be a simple thing to fix, even for a man as unmechanically inclined as the governor.

He walked into the garage to get the ladder, happy that he had something to do for the next few minutes. He leaned the ladder against the house and climbed up on the roof.

Downstairs in the living room, Mrs. Hanson was feeling restless, too. It must be the storm, she thought, switching on the set again. Too bad, the reception was so bad. Her favorite program was on now at seven.

She looked up as a bright flash of lightning cut across the sky and she heard the horrible cracking sound that told her it had struck something nearby. Above it all, she heard her husband's scream.

The next day the papers made the most of the story of how the governor of the state and the criminal who had resembled him so much, both died of electrocution at exactly seven o'clock the night before.

A black and white illustration of a woman with curly hair lying in bed, looking up with a shocked expression. She is wearing a dark, patterned nightgown. The bed has a striped blanket. Behind her is a large window with multiple panes, showing a dark, stormy night with lightning. To the left of the window are patterned curtains. On a bedside table to the right, there is a small framed picture and a clock.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD!





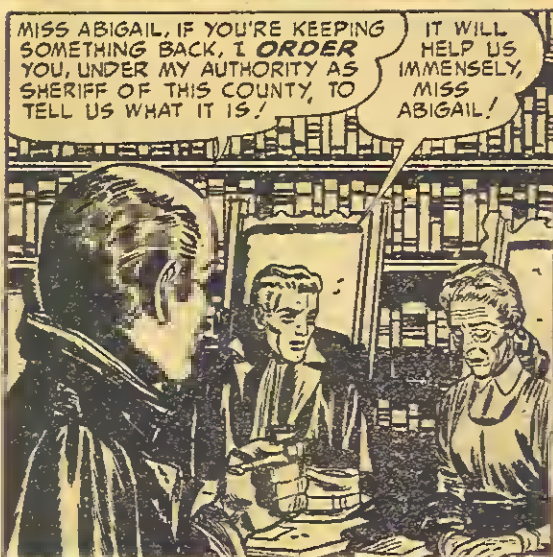
"AMANDA DORN, THIS TENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1950, WAS PUSHED, FELL, OR JUMPED TO HER DEATH ON...

...WAS SPIRITED TO HER DEATH, IF YOU WANT TO BE ACCURATE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "SPIRITED?"

EXACTLY WHAT I SAID! I **DIDN'T** JUMP OR FALL. NOR DID ANYONE **PUSH** HER! **SHE WAS CALLED BY DEATH...** AND SHE WENT!



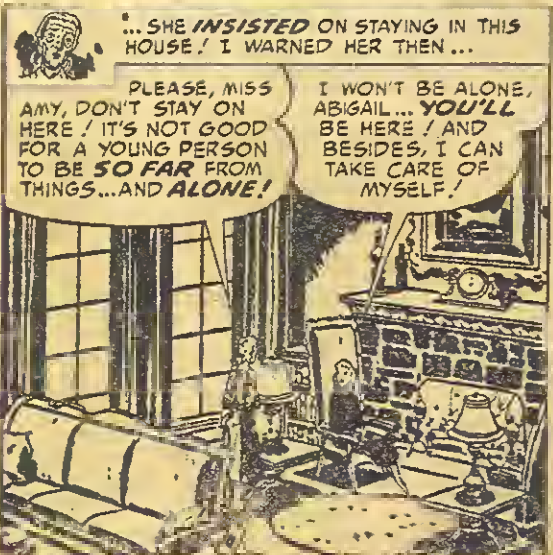
MISS ABIGAIL, IF YOU'RE KEEPING SOMETHING BACK, I **ORDER** YOU, UNDER MY AUTHORITY AS SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY, TO TELL US WHAT IT IS!

IT WILL HELP US IMMENSELY, MISS ABIGAIL!



FOR A MOMENT, THE OLD SERVING WOMAN SAID NOTHING! AND THEN, AS THOUGH IN A TRANCE, SHE BEGAN TO SPEAK!

I WARNED HER! I **WARNED** HER! BUT SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN! AND SHE'S HAD THE CONSEQUENCE! IT ALL STARTED AFTER MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL!



...SHE **INSISTED** ON STAYING IN THIS HOUSE! I WARNED HER THEN...


PLEASE, MISS AMY, DON'T STAY ON HERE! IT'S NOT GOOD FOR A YOUNG PERSON TO BE **SO FAR FROM** THINGS...AND **ALONE!**

I WON'T BE ALONE, ABIGAIL... **YOU'LL** BE HERE! AND BESIDES, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



I'M AN OLD WOMAN, MISS AMY, AND I'VE SEEN MANY THINGS IN THIS HOUSE... THINGS THAT **AREN'T** **RIGHT!** I'M SPEAKING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

I KNOW YOU ARE, ABIGAIL, AND I APPRECIATE IT! I PROMISED **ANDRE** I'D BE HERE WAITING HIM WHEN HE RETURNS AND THIS IS WHERE I'M GOING TO BE!



"ANDREW DEVIN WAS MISS AMY'S INTENDED! HE WAS DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY AND HE AND MISS AMY WERE TO BE MARRIED WHEN HE RETURNED! BUT HE WAS IN KOREA...AND THERE WAS NO TELLING WHEN THAT'D BE!"

"NOW, COME ALONG, ABIGAIL! I THINK IT'S TIME WE RETIRED! LET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AND IN THE MORNING, YOU'LL FORGET ALL YOUR SILLY FEARS!"



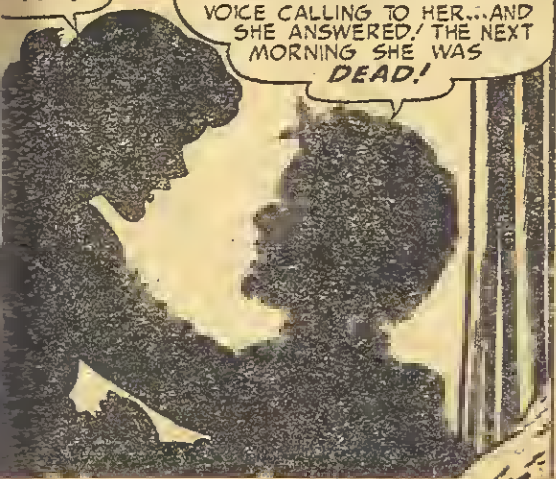
"COME TO THINK OF IT, IT *DIDN'T* SOUND LIKE YOUR VOICE... AND YET, *SOMEONE* WAS CALLING! I HEARD THE VOICE VERY CLEARLY!"

IT WASN'T... IT WASN'T?"



"ABIGAIL! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?"

THAT'S THE WAY *YOUR* MOTHER WENT, MISS AMY! SHE HEARD YOUR FATHER'S VOICE CALLING TO HER...AND SHE ANSWERED! THE NEXT MORNING SHE WAS *DEAD!*



"FOR A WHILE, EVEN I BEGAN TO BELIEVE THAT MAYBE I WAS GETTING OLD AND FOOLISH! THEN MISS AMY CAME TO MY ROOM THAT NIGHT, AND MY WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED!"

WERE YOU CALLING ME, ABIGAIL?"

"MISS AMY? WHY SHOULD I CALL YOU? I'D COME TO YOUR ROOM IF I WANTED ANYTHING!"



YES, IT WAS... *MOTHER'S* VOICE! IT SEEMED LIKE SHE WAS CALLING ME FROM A GREAT DISTANCE!"

WHATEVER YOU DO, MISS AMY, *DON'T ANSWER THAT VOICE!* I BEG YOU NOT TO, MISS AMY! TOMORROW, WE'LL LEAVE THIS HOUSE AND...



THAT'S THE WAY, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN IN THIS HOUSE! *THE NEXT PERSON TO DIE* ALWAYS HEARS THE VOICE OF THE PERSON WHO WENT BEFORE! AND WHEN THEY *ANSWER* THAT VOICE...

NOW THAT'S *SILLY*, AND I WON'T HEAR ANY MORE OF IT, ABIGAIL! YOU GO TO SLEEP AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS IN THE MORNING!"



"I GOT MISS AMY TO PROMISE NOT TO ANSWER THE VOICE THAT WAS CALLING HER, BUT I COULD NOT MAKE HER LEAVE THE HOUSE! AND SO THE LONELY NIGHTS WENT ON, UNTIL...

I HAD THE **STRANGEST** DREAM LAST NIGHT... I SAW ANDREW, AS THOUGH HE WERE FAR AWAY AND TRYING TO **REACH** ME! HE KEPT CALLING MY NAME BUT EACH TIME HE GOT NEAR, HE WAS PULLED BACK...



HE'LL GET A LAUGH WHEN I TELL HIM ABOUT IT! I GOT A LETTER FROM HIM SAYING HE'LL BE HOME SOON!

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THAT HAPPENS, MISS AMY! MAYBE THEN HE'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE!



"BUT THE NEXT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY A HORRIBLE SCREAM!"



MISS AMY, WHAT IS IT?

ANDREW! I HAD THAT DREAM AGAIN AND SUDDENLY HIS VOICE CALLING TO ME, WOK ME UP! I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW AND THERE, JUST FLOATING IN AIR, WAS **HIS FACE...** WITH THE MOST HORRIBLE EXPRESSION OF PAIN!



OH, ABIGAIL, I KNOW SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! I JUST **KNOW** IT!

THERE, THERE, MISS AMY! WE WOULD HAVE **HEARD** IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO ANDREW!



"I FINALLY MANAGED TO GET MISS AMY TO SLEEP AND ALTHOUGH I SAT NEXT TO HER BED, NOT MORE WAS HEARD THAT NIGHT BY EITHER OF US! IN THE MORNING, MISS AMY WAS HER USUAL SELF!

I'M SORRY ABOUT ACTING SO SILLY LAST NIGHT, ABIGAIL! I GUESS WITH THE HORRIBLE WAR NEWS AND EVERYTHING, I'M **WORRYING** TOO MUCH ABOUT HIM!

IT AIN'T THE WAR NEWS SO MUCH, MISS AMY! IT'S **THIS HOUSE!** IT'S THE **AWFUL HOUSE!**



"AMY WOULDN'T HEAR OF ME SITTING BY HER BEDSIDE THAT NIGHT, BUT IN MY OWN ROOM, I COULDN'T SLEEP! I LAY TOSSING AND TURNING AND FINALLY WAS ABOUT TO DOZE OFF WHEN I HEARD A VOICE!"

"AS EEEE...
E EEEE..."

THAT VOICE!
WHY...IT'S ANDREW DEVIN!



"I RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AND THERE, ON THE ROCKS BELOW, STOOD MISS AMY'S FIANCE!"



"IN A MOMENT, I WAS IN MISS AMY'S ROOM!"

MISS AMY!
ANDREW'S COME
BACK! HE'S OUT
THE ROCKS
FALLING
ON YOU!

NONSENSE, ABIGAIL!
ANDREW'S TEN THOUSAND
MILES AWAY!



YOU SEE, THERE'S
NO ONE THERE, YOU
WERE DREAMING,
ABIGAIL!

THERE WAS SOMEONE
THERE, MISS AMY! I SAW
HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!
IF IT WASN'T ANDREW,
THEN, IT WAS... OH, NO!



"MISS AMY LAUGHED AT MY FEARS! SHE WAS YOUNG AND HADN'T KNOWN THE THINGS ABOUT THAT HOUSE THAT I HAD KNOWN!"

RIGHT, ABIGAIL, IF IT WILL MAKE
ME FEEL ANY BETTER, I PROMISE TO
LOCK MY DOOR AND NOT LEAVE
THE ROOM WITHOUT YOUR
CONSENT!



"I COULDN'T HAVE GONE TO SLEEP AFTER THAT NO MATTER HOW TIRED I WAS...OR, AT LEAST, SO I THOUGHT! I TOOK MY KNITTING AND A ROCKER AND STATIONED MYSELF IN FRONT OF MISS AMY'S DOOR IN CASE SHE WANTED ME DURING THE NIGHT!"





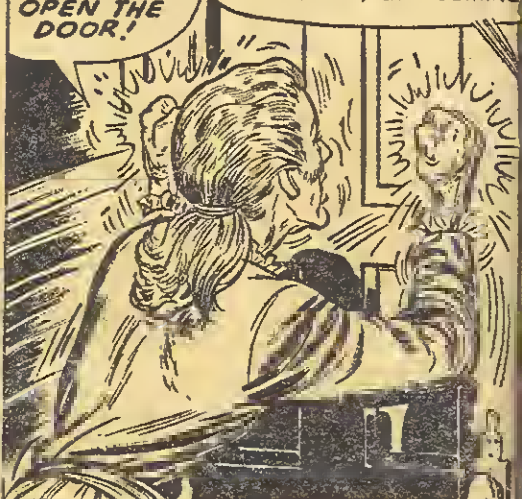
"BUT I GUESS I THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF MY OWN POWERS, FOR JUST BEFORE DAWN, I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF! THEN SUDDENLY, I WAS WIDE AWAKE... HEARING THE SAME VOICE I HAD HEARD BEFORE!"

AAIIMMEEEEEE...



MISS AMY, MISS AMY! OPEN THE DOOR!

I'M COMING, ANDREW! JUST A MOMENT, I'M COMING



MISS AMY! DON'T! DON'T ANSWER THAT VOICE!



"I HEARD THE WINDOW BEING OPENED... AND THEN THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE DOOR SLAMMING OPEN AS THE LATCH GAVE WAY TO MY FRANTIC TUGGING ..."



"I RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT! THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD! FOR THERE WAS AMY, IN HER NIGHTGOWN, WALKING ARM AND ARM WITH ANDREW ACROSS THE ROCKS ON THE BEACH!"



AS THE OLD SERVANT FINISHED HER STORY, THE CORONER AND THE SHERIFF LOOKED AT HER WITH A JAUNDICED EYE. AFTER ALL, THEY WERE REALISTIC MEN, AND A STORY LIKE HERS WAS HARDLY CREDIBLE... AND THEN, THERE WAS THE DORN FORTUNE!

I RUSHED DOWN TO THE BEACH AS FAST AS I COULD, AND WHEN I GOT THERE, I SAW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'VE SEEN JUST NOW!

MISS ABIGAIL, WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU JUST TOLD US, BUT AFTER ALL...



THE SHERIFF WAS INTERRUPTED BY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!

TELEGRAM FOR MISS AMANDA DORN!

I'M AFRAID MISS DORN WON'T BE TAKING ANY MORE TELEGRAMS, SON! HERE, LET ME HAVE IT...



THE SHERIFF READ THE TELEGRAM, AND AS HE FINISHED, HIS FACE TURNED COMPLETELY WHITE!

WHEN DID YOU SAY MISS DORN FIRST THOUGHT SHE HEARD DEVIN CALLING TO HER?

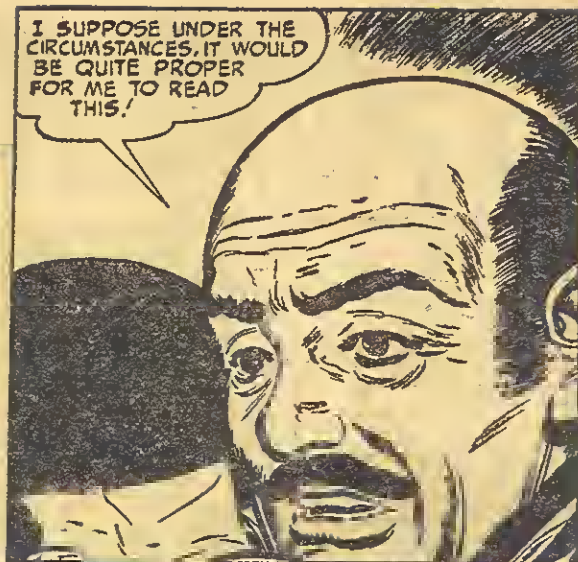
TWO DAYS AGO! I REMEMBER IT CLEARLY BECAUSE I DIDN'T SLEEP RIGHT SINCE!



THE WAR DEPARTMENT REGRETS TO INFORM YOU THAT PFC ANDREW DEVIN WAS KILLED IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY NOVEMBER EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTY... IT IS WITH ...



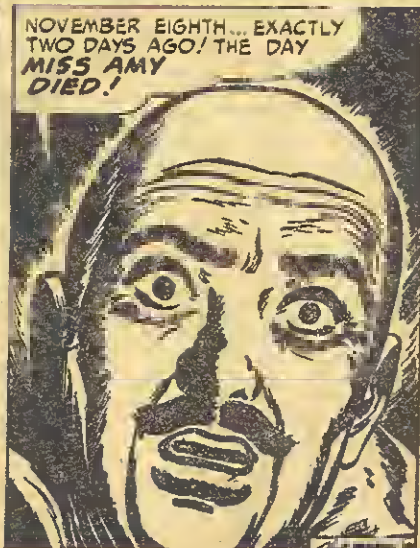
I SUPPOSE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT WOULD BE QUITE PROPER FOR ME TO READ THIS!



HERE, JOHN! READ THIS!



NOVEMBER EIGHTH... EXACTLY TWO DAYS AGO! THE DAY MISS AMY DIED!



SOME OF THE DEAD ARE LONELY AND COLD AND WANDER ACROSS THE DARK SPACES OF ETERNITY... CALLING... CALLING TO THOSE THEY CANNOT BE WITHOUT... AT LEAST, THAT IS WHAT THEY SAY! WAS ANDREW DEVIN ONE OF THOSE DEAD? WAS IT REALLY HIS VOICE CALLING IN THE NIGHT?